

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 26, 1938

WHO'S WHO

PAUL L. BLAKELY offers this week his 1,000th article in AMERICA. We hail him champion article-writer in this periodical, and will match him against any contender in any other American magazine. Named an Associate Editor in 1914, he has, through every one of the intervening years, contributed a signed article to an average of forty-three out of fifty-two issues. In unsigned editorials, comments, book reviews, etc., he has an even higher record, for we judge that he has missed not more than an average of two issues per year. . . . ARNOLD LUNN toured the country seeking whom he might devour in debate. The bigger they were, the more he enjoyed the encounter. In a few weeks we shall publish a further narrative of his experience with hecklers. He is the son of Sir Henry Lunn, the nephew of the Earl of Iddesleigh. Graduated from Harrow and Oxford, he went in for skiing, and wrote a dozen or two books on the sport. Then he turned to religious controversy and wrote himself into the Catholic Church. He hopes, when he returns to the United States, to find more and greater Communists to battle in the open forum. . . . JAMES J. DALY, S.J., Literary Editor of *Thought*, is recognized as one of the best light-essayist of our times. He was an Associate Editor of AMERICA in the first few years after its inception. . . . SISTER M. ELEANORE is Assistant to the Mother Provincial of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. She was formerly professor at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., and has written several books. . . . JOHN JULIAN RYAN was lately instructor of English at Harvard. . . . JESSIE CORRIGAN PEGIS is the wife of Anton C. Pegis, a Fordham Professor.

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Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT.

Associate Editors: PAUL L. BLAKELY, JOHN LAFARGE, GERARD DONNELLY,
JOHN A. TOOMEY, LEONARD FEENEY, WILLIAM J. BENN, ALBERT I. WHELAN.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Business Manager: FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE.

Business Office: 53 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

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COMMENT

THE PADDOCK propaganda, foretold in our issue of February 12, was given the usual front-page story in the *New York Times* for February 16. Sixty alone were found to sign; more than forty of the "prominents," apparently, refused. This most recent Bishop Paddock letter appeals to President Roosevelt and Congress to permit the shipment of war materials from the United States to Loyalist Spain. The letter is another deceiving effort to throw the United States into the Communist camp. It has the jingo ring of the Spanish "democratic institutions" and of "the established Government of Spain"; the cooing assurance that the shipment of guns, bullets, airplanes to Communist Spain "would not threaten or endanger the peace of Europe"; the patriotic patter that help to the Communists "is in accord with historic American policy," and so on. Let the President and Congress, to the contrary, force the withdrawal of American citizens from the Red army of Spain! Let the President and Congress put a ban on shipments of war material to Italy and Germany, if so desired; but let them put an equal ban on shipments to France, Soviet Russia and Mexico, who have notoriously been transmitting American-made munitions to Loyalist Spain! Protest to Congress, Americans, and to the President, against American interference in Spain!

SPANIARDS do not change their natural proclivities any more than do leopards their spots. So it was no great surprise to anyone acquainted with the Spanish people as a whole to learn that collectivism as an economic system was destined to "reconsideration and revision." Actually the word "failure" characterizes the adventure more adequately. During the first feverish days of the Communist revolution the workers of Barcelona seized the industrial plants and have operated them ever since under a Sovietized system of collectivism. From the outset collectivism as an economic system was doomed to failure, as the very character of the Spaniard is diametrically opposed to the idea of regimentation. The Spanish worker or peasant is essentially an individualist. He is a shrewd, straight-minded pragmatist, and it did not take him long to discern that in an industrial system where everybody was boss, nobody would assume responsibility and he was the inevitable "scapegoat." He is astute enough to realize that certain interested groups assumed control of the workers' executive committee and operated the industries to their personal advantage; that leisure hours were spent in endless, resultless meetings of workers with the unfailing result that losses reflected directly on his pay-envelope. Insecurity and failure proved distasteful to the worker who

under a regime of responsible ownership was assured of a steady income. The Negrin Government is veering away from the extreme left toward nationalization of industry—the railroads, mines, public utilities. One wonders could the idea have been borrowed from the hated Fascists. But regardless of the form it takes Spaniards will not stomach regimentation.

SENSATIONAL figures issued by the Nazi Government in connection with the so-called immorality trials have undergone a steady reduction. In his speech on November 30, 1937, Hanns Kerrl, Minister on National Church Affairs, considerably reduced figures which were previously mentioned in National Socialist quarters. These figures have again been materially reduced, until an entirely different picture now appears from the lurid scandal first spread before the world. According to Kerrl, there had been convicted 45 priests, 176 "monks and nuns," 21 employees, 242 in all. Pending were 955 cases. The Catholic Bishop of Berlin, in the meanwhile, has made known the result of the investigations undertaken by Catholic Church authorities in various parts of Germany as to the immorality charges. The Bishop's figures for convictions, including that of one nun, are 240 in all categories, priests, "monks," lay brothers, etc. But of these there are only 47 priests, against Kerrl's 93; 72 monks and nuns, against 744 of Kerrl. "The truth is," says the Bishop, "that many of these priests had long been unfrocked, and many monks had long since left the monasteries." Figures taken from *Das Junge Deutschland*, official organ of the Nazi children's leaders, show that in 1936 there were 7,010 convictions of immoral practices under paragraph with relation to young children. Of these, says the Bishop, there were possibly twenty priests. "Where are we to look for the other 6,990 persons?" asks the Bishop. The answer to this question would show the hypocrisy of Nazi charges.

ACQUAINTANCE with recent magazine articles on family adjustments and marital difficulties, usually written by women, does not help to win an overload of sympathy for the writers' woes. There is the class snobbishness of the well-to-do outlining with dilettante aloofness a rationale of behavior that under no circumstances could find application outside a very small percentage of Americans. Divorce is calmly, coolly accepted as inevitable and post-divorce procedure is rationalized to the extent of saving the wreckage as far as "the children of the Shadow" are concerned. A poet is quoted to show how "remorse should achieve humility" but no reference is made to the many apt quotations

from the Scriptures. And the most remarkable thing about these articles is that parents learn to do after divorce and apart what they could never succeed in doing while united. All the "constructive uses" to which divorce may be put are more than met and counter-balanced by the overcoming of pride and self-love in the home, together with the studied rationalization beforehand that marriage is a sacred thing always, never to be lightly undertaken and as far as the marital bond goes is indissoluble, when the marriage between Christians has been consummated by the marriage act. No divorce can be called successful insofar as it contravenes Divine law. Humanly considering the matter, there are few successful divorces. Hence we cannot see with the woman-writer in the February *Harpers* that divorce, which includes re-marriage, can mean a full life for each separate member of the family.

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THE flashing skates and the radiant smile of Miss Sonja Henie have just finished conquering the composite heart of Boston. And quite by chance, on the day she came back to New York, a Japanese gentleman named Dodo sent the newspapers a rhymed translation of the Mikado's recent and incredibly detached little poem about peace. The two incidents reminded us of something much more serious than either poetry or skating. It is this: from the first Armistice Day up to the present Far Eastern conflict this world of ours has known the horrors of no fewer than twenty-five wars. Twenty-five wars in nineteen years—and this not counting a long list of revolts, putsches, border clashes and "incidents" in which the guns have sounded and men fallen. Only one modern European nation has never been at war since its foundation. And that nation is not the microscopic kingdom of Monaco, as you might be tempted to guess. Nor is it tiny Andorra, nor the dot-on-the-map Republic of San Marino. No; the one country in Europe that has never sent out its young men to die is Sonja Henie's land, Norway. And that statement is true literally, only because Norway has had independence and its own flag for less than forty years. Maybe what the world needs is fewer songs about peace, and more Sonjas.

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THAT Austria is now *angeschlossen* to Nazi Germany bodes every possible evil for Catholicism in Austrian confines. While for reasons of prudence the National Socialists may be restrained for a brief time from overt acts, the full blast of their anti-Catholic animus, historically more bitter against Austrian even than Reich Catholicism, will be felt in drastic repressive measures and stealthy persecutions. In all the gloom of the situation, however, there is yet one possibly consoling circumstance. This circumstance may not make itself felt for some years to come, but it is bound ultimately to strengthen the Catholic position. If Austria and Germany form a unit, it means that Austria's 7,000,000 Catholics are added to Germany's 21,000,000, thus very materially reducing the minority proportion now felt by Germany's Catholics in com-

parison with her 42,000,000 non-Catholics. And if the *Anschluss* process proceeds, it means that Nazi Germany has more and more Catholics to "digest," since the proportion of Catholics among the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere is preponderant. This means more and more Catholics dissatisfied with the Nazi repression, more and more possibilities of passive resistance to persecution, more and more complicated diplomatic and local circumstances to be reckoned with. Thus, at a tragically late hour that initial blunder may be somewhat rectified which was committed by the framers of Versailles when they separated Austrian Catholics from their brethren in Germany.

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THE AMERICA Spanish Relief Fund has now truly expanded into a national agency. A central executive service is maintained at the offices, 342 Madison Avenue, New York, but the operation and the success depends on the activities within the dioceses of the United States. About thirty-five Ordinaries have already decided to join their efforts with those of the America Spanish Relief Fund. Bishop Alter of Toledo, Ohio, forwarded the first diocesan contribution, that of \$1,000, for Cardinal Goma, of old Toledo. Bishop Schlarman, of Peoria, Illinois, on December 13, donated \$1,840.17. Bishop Ireton, coadjutor of Richmond, organized a campaign at the end of January. Bishop Griffin, of Springfield, Illinois, through church collections, has now topped all contributions for Spanish Relief with a check for \$5,840.35. Spain and its children will thank God for their good benefactors!

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AMERICAN Merchant Marine is a seriously sick patient and it is high time that Dr. Congress does something about it. The report of the diagnostician, Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, is now in the hands of the Senate Commerce Committee. The rest is up to Congress. The report recommends the extension of the Railway Labor Act to the shipping industry. Transportation on the sea as well as on land is of vital importance to the welfare of the country. During the past eight or nine years we have allowed our merchant fleet to become disgracefully obsolete and inefficient. The blame can be laid to the owners as well as to the maritime workers. Strikes and lockouts have occasioned the loss of approximately 1,000,000 man-hours of work during ten months in 1937. It stands to reason that no industry can survive in the face of such handicaps. Insecurity and delay have virtually forced domestic and foreign shippers to use foreign carriers. Unless Congress takes some incisive measures to offset the dilly-dally policies of the Department of Labor, it will not be long before the American Merchant flag will be a rare sight in foreign ports. The Railway Labor Act insures a most effective system of mediation, conciliation and voluntary arbitration. The time for application of the Act to the requirements of the shipping industry is ripe. To delay may be fatal. The United States needs a merchant marine as a naval complement.

BIAS! BIAS!

OUR CONTEST NOW OPENS

Booby Pulitzer Prize may be awarded

JOHN A. TOOMEY, S.J.

OUR Bias Contest, heralded in last week's issue, sprang into being in the following manner. After reading in our pages a recent article treating of propaganda in the news, the Rev. Joseph McSorley, nationally known Paulist Father, forwarded us a letter suggesting that a "prize be offered . . . for the best exhibit of partisanship propaganda." The National Federation of Catholic College Students would donate twenty-five dollars for a cash award to the winner, he announced.

A new sort of Contest was thus ushered into the world and given the name of Bias. Born with only one prize, little Bias seemed a bit underweight and AMERICA decided to endow it with a tonic-like twenty-five dollars for two more prizes. The infusion of these additional awards made Bias glow with newfound health.

The Bias Contest will thus disperse fifty dollars, and perhaps even more if it can acquire more. The first prize will be twenty-five dollars in cash; the second, fifteen dollars; the third, ten dollars. An active hope is entertained that some big-hearted individual or organization will step forward with several five-dollar prizes to round out the cash awards. In addition to the victors in the money, twenty-five other participants will receive honorable mention. AMERICA, moreover, contemplates devising something the very reverse of the Pulitzer Prize, a sort of Booby Pulitzer Prize or Undistinguished Service Medal as a decoration for the worst offenders among the newspapers and magazines.

Anyone may compete for the cash prizes offered by the Bias Contest. The procedure is quite simple. You commence March 1 reading your newspaper or magazine with an eye to instances of anti-Catholic bias. Upon detecting an example of this bias, you write a letter of not more than two hundred words proving that the example has a definite, a flagrant anti-Catholic slant. You clip the newspaper or magazine, and attach the clipping to your letter, and forward the letter and enclosure to: Editor, Bias Contest, 329 West 108th St., New York City. In the case of newspapers, you must cut the clipping in such a way that it will include the name and date of the offending paper, since we must have for our protection visual proof that the clipping was printed in the paper named on the date named.

The Bias Contest is exclusively for March newspapers and March magazines. The prizes will be awarded on April 10, or as soon thereafter as is humanly possible. It will be impossible, obviously, to return the clippings and attached letters; however, if a self-addressed and stamped envelope be sent with the entry, we shall endeavor to mail back the material. Otherwise, it will repose in our bias morgue for record and reference.

You are not limited with respect to the number of instances of bias, but may send in as many examples from as many newspapers and as many magazines as you wish. There must, however, be a letter with each biased clipping.

The board of judges in arriving at their decisions will weigh equally: (1) the degree of viciousness manifested by the example of printed bias; (2) the power and clarity with which the accompanying letter exposes the bias. The most convincing letters enclosing the most atrocious types of bias will walk off with the awards. Your objectives are: "the worst samples, the best letters." Remember, however, the viciousness of the bias does not always appear on the surface. A "seeing eye" is frequently necessary to detect it. Something may not seem to be anti-Catholic at all until one bestows thought upon it. For example, consider the *Ladies Home Journal's* birth-control propaganda.

In the contest, the word anti-Catholic is to be taken in its broadest sense. Any misrepresentation of the Church, its clergy, its people, its teachings comes under the Bias Contest. Not only that, but also any juggling with the truth concerning issues intimately associated with the welfare or existence of the Church is eligible matter in the contest. For example, the radical propaganda in Spain is an issue bound up with the very existence of the Church.

Communist papers, avowedly biased, are naturally barred from the contest. The examples of bias must come from papers or magazines which pretend to be fair and impartial. Picture magazines are eligible. *Life* has been showing an anti-Catholic slant of late. Even the scandal columnists are eligible. Walter Winchell's enthusiasm for the anti-Christian side in Spain may provide matter.

The bias may be achieved by playing up the anti-

Catholic side, playing down the Catholic side. Or by printing the anti-Catholic side, refusing to print the Catholic, as did the *Reader's Digest*. Or by means of half truths, interpretations, implications and other tricks of the propagandists. It is anti-Catholic bias

if it misleads readers on any Catholic question.

Wake up early March 1. Begin the great hunt. We hope to catch during the month of March every bit of anti-Catholic bias printed in every secular newspaper and magazine in the United States.

IT IS FINISHED! A REFRAIN FROM LOURDES

Reflections of one who did not seek a miracle

SISTER M. ELEANORE, C.S.C.



AS one jogs along the routine ways of the spiritual life one occasionally meets a billboard with a vivifying message. Given this completely American beginning, my reader will now please mount my poor carpet of words and whisk with me across the Atlantic into that small city among the mountains where care seems banished and wherein dreams do come true.

These dreams come true in rather trying fashion, especially when they take place during the winter months without the pageantry of the summer pilgrimages to Lourdes as a background. For the sake of vividness and even more for that of truth let us call the dreamer "I."

I walked through a drizzling rain and many puddles across the bridge over the muddy, roaring Gave River, past the silent hospital to the portals of the Rosary Basilica in front of the Grotto of Lourdes. All was silent and lonely save for a few scattered pilgrims. The rapturous enthusiasm of the thousands with whom I had joined my prayers two years earlier was only a memory in the chill November air. I went into the empty church, paid my respects to the Lord, and looked up at the mosaic above the altar. Suddenly all was warm and sweet again, as if a breath from Bethlehem had swept through the cold. Mary was there, beautiful and dear, with her eyes searching mine, with her assuring smile, and her hands reaching down to pull me up into her arms.

Soon I was kneeling before the Grotto. The old man was still there arranging the candles, the women were inside the gates still faithfully praying, a few pilgrims were kneeling or sitting before the altar above which stands the statue of Mary in the niche blessed by her presence in the long ago. I was now completely at home again.

Two years earlier I had gone in to look at the piscina with pious curiosity over the scene of many miracles, but, being in excellent health, I had felt it would be selfish to take time for the baths when hundreds of sick were waiting their turn. But in those two years had come an inconsolable grief and also the danger of a sickness which might prove incurable.

So I entered the piscina. I was welcomed at the door by a kind French woman. As soon as she heard my French she insisted on talking English. Only when I had heard her English did I realize how appalling my French must be. I did not in the three days of my stay succeed in making her understand that I was recuperating from an operation and was not asking a miracle. Miracles are so familiar to her that she kept telling me: "Your Mother will cure you. She is your Mother and cannot refuse. Then it is finished."

To an accompaniment of *Ave Marias* murmured in an adjoining room I disrobed and donned the white garment provided. The woman led me down the three steps into the great stone tub filled with very cold water, offered me for my kiss the little statue of Mary defaced by the embrace of thousands of suffering lips, bade me make an act of contrition, and with fervent prayers plunged me into the numbing coldness. Then she helped me out and left me to dress. My attempted explanation did not satisfy her disappointment at the lack of a miracle—quicker but not essential means to recovery after perfect surgery.

To us moderns who make such a fetish of ironic satire in literature could anything be more disarming than the simplicity of this procedure? There are many who grow vociferous against the lack of sanitary precautions at Lourdes. "Think of plunging

terribly sick people into cold water. Think of the people with loathsome contagions who go into those baths, and they don't even use lysol." This is perfectly silly talk. Hundreds of persons have been cured at Lourdes, but there is no record of anyone's being harmed there. Good mothers do not give poison to children who ask for bread. Even when the Mother of us all does not cure, she gives resignation and joy in suffering. When it does please the Lady who made humanity's oldest dream come true, an old life is then ended and a new life there begins.

As the French woman said: "It is finished." These words, which I had heard a thousand times probably, struck my heart with a new message there in that room where so many hopes had been realized and so many dreams have come true. She had told me that she spends five months of the year helping the sick. Here, to appease the realists, I shall add that she finds it a most unpleasant task, that she is so sensitive and delicate in make-up she cannot bear to look at the very sick, that she shudders with horror because some who come there for the baths are "dirty and covered with little beasties." To encourage the ascetics, I shall add that she begged for my prayers because, despite this heroism, she thinks she is not good: "Oh, yes, I love God and His Mother, but that is not perfection. I want perfection."

To draw a moral or conclusion here would be to paint the lily.

I should be ashamed to admit that I then asked the stupid question: "How do you feel when you see a miracle?" Stupidity has its compensations, however. She smiled at me and her eyes filled with wonder. "Oh," she whispered, "When it is finished, it is very emotional."

These three old words flashed a new message across the routine of my way. In the timelessness of dreams I stood there for a moment silent, with her hand clasped in mine, while she relived some of her wonderful experiences in that very room and my own mind raced back through centuries to distant places.

Consummatum est. Darkness lay over the earth. A Dreamer who had come homeless into the world and was dying on a bed furnished by a hostile government, bowed His head and gasped, "It is finished." At this moment came true the dream of all the ages, the hope for which the hills had sighed was realized. Finished were the poverty of the divine infancy, the suffering of the hidden and the public life, the long agony in the garden, the scourging and the mockery, the unjust trial and the blasphemy, the dreadful journey to Calvary, the weight of the sagging body on torn hands and feet, the thirst. "It is finished."

Then, too, "when it was finished, it was very emotional." While the Mother wept over the body that lay in her arms, priests stared in fright at the torn veil of the Temple, men and women shuddered as the dead rose from the quaking earth. Many things were finished on that day. The Old Law gave way to the New, Love drove out fear, Limbo came to an end, and Heaven opened its New Life for the

saints, home from the valley of death after all the centuries.

Since that day on Calvary those words, "It is finished," have been repeated from the rising to the setting of the sun on altars throughout the world. They have been repeated on the lips of myriad martyrs and saints. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," writes St. Paul.

Cecelia, caught by death in an immortal posture of grace, with her white fingers forever writing "One God in three Persons," is herself a poem with a refrain, "My *beau geste* is finished." Lawrence uttered the sublime witticism: "Turn me over now, that side is finished," as he was roasted on his gridiron.

Who of us has not felt the thrill of achievement some time or other, the satisfying moment when long labor ceases and we can say of the work we have done, "It is finished"? No matter how humble we are, since our greatness in doing is measured by out greatness in being, we can know this satisfaction. But it is always a momentary pleasure, and in every accomplished thing are the restless seeds of a new travail which are fighting their way to fruition.

"But that is not perfection. I want perfection." On and on we must struggle. Only death can end the good fight. Today the perfection of martyrdom is being achieved all over Christendom. Hundreds are being granted the "short life in the saddle, not the long life by the fire," for which Louise Imogen Guiney prayed.

Sweet as life is, those of us who face a painful death can find something still sweeter in the prospect, if we can but keep the faith. God's grace often uses little apparently coincidental things. It is strangely comforting, for example, to fix one's gaze on a picture of the Agony in the Garden hung at some time by somebody facing the hospital bed while a doctor, gripping one's hand, till it hurts, for his own courage, tells one a serious operation is necessary.

Some years ago I had a letter from a little Sister-poet: "Sunday I received the doctor's verdict—no hope, and less than a year to live. Don't waste any sympathy on me. I'm quite happy and at peace. With God waiting just the other side of that opening door, I'm getting more thrills from the prospect than a poet can possibly find in 'the spires of Oxford.' Never has God been so intimately near and dear as in these last months of suffering. Spare me a remembrance in your prayers occasionally that I may have abundant grace for the difficult days ahead—for mine is the painful way out—cancer of the stomach." The painful way out the opening door has been finished; God is no longer waiting.

Truly, when it is finished it is very emotional. Especially must this be true if that which is finished is one's perfection. My friend at Lourdes has learned well the primary lesson taught there, that even the great corporal work of mercy she is daily performing is not sufficient, that she must, moreover, come through the opening door, herself finished as another Christ.

IS A COMMUNIST ELIGIBLE FOR PUBLIC OFFICE?

It depends on what is meant by "Communist"

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

COMMUNISM has brought us face to face with many difficulties in the economic and industrial world since 1933. More recently, serious difficulties have arisen in the political world as well. Men have been denied the right of assemblage on the ground that they were Communists, or have been forcibly deported from the city by summary action on part of the police. In the case of de Jonghe the Supreme Court of the United States has held that the first right can be exercised by Communists, as well as by Catholics or Congregationalists. Should it be abused, the offenders can be punished according to the law. But no man can be deprived of the right on the ground that he may, or even probably will, abuse it.

As to forcible and summary deportation, technical difficulties have prevented a case involving it from reaching the Supreme Court. If these difficulties can be surmounted, there is no doubt that the Court will affirm the practice in all the States, and declare it unlawful.

Within the last few weeks, a difficulty of another kind has arisen in New York, following the appointment of an avowed Communist to an important municipal post. That this appointment is decidedly offensive not only to Catholics, but to members of other groups interested solely in good government, is undoubted. That it will prove a growing source of discord is equally undoubted, for beginning with his college days, the appointee has been a troublemaker. As a dabbler in labor problems, and later as a staff member of a Communist daily paper, this man has advocated principles which are probably repudiated by a majority of the city's people. From every point of view, the appointment is so bad that even the *New York World Telegram* (which will not be accused of "Red" baiting) advised that it be withdrawn.

But in all our zeal for good government, and in our repudiation of Communism as an enemy of good government, we must be realistic in our discussion of this unsavory incident. It simply will not do to say that a man is ineligible to hold office because he is a Communist.

The legal fact is that in a number of States, about thirty, I believe, the Communists form a recognized political party, taking part in all elec-

tions, and equal in every respect to the older parties. They were a political party in New York itself until recently, when because of a technicality which will be removed as soon as they again enlist the number of voters required by the law of the State, they were given no place on the official ballot.

The constitutional fact is that no man can be barred from public office because of the color of his religious or political tenets, whether privately held or advocated in public. It is true, of course, that the individual can be punished as the law may provide, if his public statements include an appeal to immediate violence, or if they are expressed in obscene or blasphemous language, or if in some other way they violate the law.

In examining the case of the Communist and his eligibility for public office, since religious and political beliefs do not, as such, constitute ineligibility, a further fact must be ascertained. What does he mean by "Communism"?

Communism, in the form taught and promoted by Marx, Bebel and the Third International, is an atheistic movement for the overthrow of the existing order by violence. No man who accepts this type of Communism, even though he does not advocate it in public, can hold office in the United States. He is not debarred because of his privately-held opinions (or even should he openly promote them) but simply because, holding such opinions, he cannot take an oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, or of the State in which he resides.

Were he to take such oath, he would simply perjure himself. His belief is that violence is a proper and indeed a desirable means of effecting changes in government. Our American Constitutions forbid such violence, and prescribe that changes shall be made when necessary by peaceful action of the people at the polls in legitimately conducted elections. The two philosophies are wholly incompatible.

Difficulties would end, were the case in hand to end at this stage. But it does not, since it is not clear that every man who styles himself a Communist is a Third International Communist.

Earl Browder, candidate for President on the Communist ticket in 1936, asserts that while the Communists as a party are aiming at sweeping

reforms in the American Government, they propose to attain them exclusively by peaceful means. He points to the platform of the party in proof of his statement. Similar disavowals of violence have been made by other leaders in the party.

Now it is perfectly legitimate to advocate changes in government by argument, by the use of the ballot, and by other non-violent means. The Constitution itself assumes that the people may wish to change the basic law of the land, and prescribes the means by which it may be altered. Obviously, then, a citizen who remains within the limits of the Constitution in his efforts to change the Government, cannot be held ineligible for public office, even though he styles himself a Communist, and votes the Communist ticket at the polls.

So much may be said for the legal and constitutional aspects of the case of the Communist in politics. But with that said, the case leads to other serious considerations. Back of this disquiet manifested in New York, and elsewhere, about office-holding Communists is a two-fold fear.

It is thought by many that Communists frequently sever connections with the Third International only in order to be able to work with greater freedom and effectiveness for the establishment of the principles which they have ostensibly repudiated. These Communists know, it is said, that as Communists, in the strict sense, they can hope for no elective office, and for few that are appointive. Disavowal of the Third International costs them nothing, and opens a door otherwise closed to propaganda.

The second fear is akin to this. It is believed that men who profess atheistic and destructive principles of Communism have been persuaded not to form any connection with the party, but to get in office, Federal and State, and teach these principles and act on them whenever the occasion offers. The theory is that it is better "to bore in" quietly, and, without being known as a Communist, to sow the seeds of Communism without interference, than to risk defeat by demanding an entrance under Communist colors.

Are these fears well founded? John Lewis thought they were when he excluded all Communists and former Communists, not merely from office but also from membership in the United Mine Workers. Homer Martin apparently shares them, at least in part, when he excludes Communists not from membership but from eligibility for office in the United Automobile Workers. Lewis knew from experience that Communists could not work in harmony with the purposes of a union, since their end is not industrial peace but the fomenting of unrest and discontent. To close the door to pseudo-converts, he further provided for the exclusion of ex-Communists. On its face the measure may seem extreme, but, in my opinion, Mr. Martin will soon discover that even a few "high-private" Communists in a union can wreck it.

Will the Communist change his tactics if admitted to public office? He may, but the probability is that he will carry into this field all the qualities that have made him a wrecker and a menace to

the good order and good-fellowship in the unions.

To sum up: Communists who have taken an oath to the Third International, or to any association aiming at the overthrow of government by violence, cannot hold office in the United States, or in any State; provided that an oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, or of the State, is required for the holding of such office. An alleged ex-Communist who has not in fact severed his relations with the International, and a citizen, never a member, yet who subscribes to Communistic principles, are also ineligible. In no case, is the man excluded because of his political beliefs, but simply because he is incapable of taking an oath to uphold the Constitution.

As to what may be called "parlor Communists" these cannot be legally debarred from office-holding, elective or appointive. But in my judgment, the political unit which chooses them must prepare to put up with a reign of bad feeling, political corruption and public disorder.

EQUAL RIGHTS OR SPECIAL PROTECTION?

AS a testy old lawyer of the vintage of 1888, he may, perhaps, be disqualified to go on the witness stand. "Equal rights for women?" he snorts. "Any fool knows that they need special protection."

Here is the proposed amendment which rouses his wrath:

Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States, and every place subject to its jurisdiction. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

If this amendment means anything, it certainly means that no woman shall have any right in the eyes of the law which is not equally enjoyed by men. Ever since women began to go into industry—a damnable movement, but, under our economic system, all but inevitable—legislatures with even a tincture of wisdom and humanity have striven to enact legislation to make their lives less burdensome. Were this amendment to become part of the Constitution, all the social, economic and industrial legislation adopted for the protection of women workers, would either be nullified, or thrown into such a tangle as to be rendered useless.

This local legislation, it is true, has proven insufficient to protect women workers. But conditions will not be bettered by adding an amendment to the Constitution. What is here needed is a sustained educational program in the States which, properly conducted, will lead to a demand for adequate legislation and, what is more important, for its enforcement. And social justice, of course, demands that we reshape the industrial and economic scheme of things which drives women out of the home by withholding from the head of the family a living wage.

The amendment should be rejected. It promises reform, but will deepen the evil of which women in industry justly complain.

P. L. B.

MR. BROWDER WAS ILL; YELLOW FEVER, PERHAPS

When the case against Communism was on the chart

ARNOLD LUNN

SAID André Gide on his return from Russia: "If one has talked with one Communist, one has talked with all Communists." Such is the power of party discipline, if one has debated with one Communist one has debated with all Communists.

In the early Autumn of 1937 Earl Browder accepted an invitation from the Community Forum of Pittsburgh to debate Communism with an Englishman, called Mr. Lunn. In the interval he may have made some inquiries or even read my chapter on Communist Tactics in my book *Spanish Rehearsal*. Be that as it may the wriggling process began in October. He expected to be out of the country. Would Mr. Lunn accept a substitute? Had I refused he would have just called the debate off, and the responsibility for this fiasco might have been in doubt. So I replied cheerfully that I would debate with a washerwoman if she received Mr. Browder's *imprimatur*. Not for nothing have I crossed with Dr. Coulton. Mr. Browder decided that he would do better than a washerwoman, canceled his cancelation and put up the State Organizer of Communism in Wisconsin to debate with me.

I handed Mr. Blair six questions in writing at the beginning of the debate. He glanced at them with petulant disgust and treated them as an obscene irrelevance. I reproduce them here.

(1) In progressive Russia critics of the Government are liquidated. In reactionary America Communists are invited to attack the Government on the debating platform. Which system does Mr. Blair prefer?

(2) Does Mr. Blair defend Lenin's justification of "violence which is not restricted by law or any absolute rules." Does he defend Stalin's massacre of the Ukraine peasants? Does he defend the use of torture to extract foreign *valuta*?

(3) Does Mr. Blair defend Stalin's decree that children of twelve are liable to the death penalty for theft?

(4) Ten out of the first twelve disciples of Bolshevism, who sat round the Council Chamber with Lenin, have been executed, forced into exile or into suicide, and are denounced as traitors to Bolshevism. Does not ten Judases out of twelve seem a heavy assignment for a new religion?

(5) Does Mr. Blair defend the Communist policy

of working for civil war and of doing what they can to subvert the armed forces in non-Communist countries?

(6) Why are workers forbidden to leave the worker's Paradise?

Mr. Blair ran true to type. He was completely humorless. He ranted for thirty minutes without attempting to debate. He tried to suggest that Communism was twentieth-century American revolutionism, but wisely made no attempt to compare in detail the ideals of the American and Russian revolutionaries, ideals which resemble each other as little as democracy resembles the dictatorship of the proletariat. He alluded to the rebuff which American Labor had administered to Fascism in the person of the Duke of Windsor, and hinted cryptically that obscurer Fascists such as Mr. Lunn would be taken care of in good turn. No apostle of peace and reconciliation could have cooed more mellifluously. "This issue is not going to be settled by revolution," he said. "It's not going to be settled by me. It's going to be settled by you." It was pleasant to find one statement in his speech with which I could express cordial agreement. I began my second speech by repeating my six questions and the rest of the evening watched him wriggle.

I knew that he would report to Browder and I wondered what Browder would make of my six questions. The answer came as I boarded the San Francisco train for Chicago. Browder, I learned, had fallen sick of an unspecified disease. Yellow fever, perhaps. An engagement at Richmond having fallen through I had a spare day on my hands, and I decided to set my mind at rest as to the state of Earl Browder's health.

A well known agent who specializes in cases of malingering for insurance companies seemed an appropriate investigator. He promised to telephone his results of his inquiries to Pittsburgh. I arrived in Pittsburgh in the early afternoon, and the report was telephoned through to me in time to publish it before the debate. The news that Browder had run out on the debate crashed the front page and occupied two columns of the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*. I quote the brief summary of the agent's report which appeared in that paper on December 7, for it was this summary to which Browder had

to reply, if he could. "Browder is not ill at all. He went to Washington from New York and returned either Thursday or Friday, the day he was supposed to be sick in bed. He was seen yesterday afternoon and evening entering and leaving his apartment building." Browder replied by telegram.

Mr. Louis Budenz, who will present the case for the Communist Party, can be fully relied upon to make Mr. Lunn realize that the Communists are neither quitters nor unable to effectively meet the arguments of their opponents.

So much for Browder. He offers no direct evidence for his ill health though perhaps the split infinitive was indirect result of a nervous breakdown.

The Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* treated his telegram with contempt. They did not publish it. "If Browder had been ill," their representative said to me, "he would have summoned the press and the photographers to photograph doctors and nurses taking his pulse and his temperature. His telegram is the equivalent to an admission."

On arriving in New York I had sent Mr. Browder a letter in which I asked him to supply his substitute with answers to four questions. I asked him (1) to account for the long list of Communists who have returned from Russia convinced that the Russian proletariat groans beneath a tyranny more bloodthirsty than any in the history of mankind; (2) to reconcile his statement that he took no orders from Moscow with the following quotation from the International Communist, French Edition, August 5, 1935. "Those who say we do not take orders from Moscow are against the proletarian State. It proves that they are allied to the bourgeoisie . . . and are the enemies of the proletarian State"; (3) to meet the charge that he is the head of an illegal organization under instructions to foment civil war in view of the following quotation from his own writings: "Soldiers and sailors must be won for the revolution. In the revolutionary situation the Communist Party wins some of the armed forces to its side and leads the effective majority of the population to the seizure of state power." And I concluded by inviting him to defend or repudiate Lenin's advocacy of terrorism, and the Soviet code under which children of twelve are liable to execution for theft.

Now if Browder is no quitter he should have been ready to provide his substitute with replies to these questions and, further, should have accepted my proposal to exchange letters for publication. He did not answer my letter and his substitute, Mr. Budenz, evaded these questions. After the third time of asking Mr. Budenz he weakly attempted to deal with two points. He told us that very few children of twelve have been executed for theft—which is reassuring, and that "everybody knows" that Lenin did not believe in individual terrorism.

My opponent, a mild little man for whom I felt genuinely sorry, led off by remarking that everybody knew that Browder was not a quitter and never ran out on anything, and in support of this statement he produced, not a medical certificate, but the fact that Browder had been convicted dur-

ing the war for running out on military service and thus proving himself a quitter in the eyes of most Americans. Mr. Budenz then proceeded to describe his own one hundred per cent American pedigree and, for the rest of his speech, hardly allowed us to guess that such a place as Moscow existed.

I thanked him for his moving description of his American background, but suggested that the issue before the house was Communism and not our respective grandfathers nor Mr. Browder's health. I proposed, therefore, to ask the prayers of the Catholics for Mr. Browder's recovery.

The hall was packed. Two thousand people, of whom about a half sympathized with my opponent, were present. As my questions to Browder had been published in the afternoon's paper, the Communists knew what to expect. And they had turned up fully prepared to give trouble. When I mentioned Max Eastman, the first in my list of Communists who have denounced Stalinism, a few hundred Communists burst into a well rehearsed "Haw-hee, Hee-haw." My heart leaped for joy. I was back in the beloved atmosphere of British hecklers. I could sniff the London fog, and hear the distant echoes of Big Ben. Wiping a nostalgic tear from my eyes I gave the second name "Andrew Smith" and hastily added my own version of "haw-hee." "Yes it's funny isn't it that Communists who visit Russia should know more about Communism than those who stay at home. It's funny that Smith should have given his life savings to the Communist party, unlike any of you. Haw-hee. And here's Fred Beal, one of your most gallant revolutionaries who escaped to Russia from a twenty years' sentence and has returned to face it because he prefers an American prison to the Soviet Paradise. What! No chuckles not even from the gallery?"

They recovered their poise a little later and produced more noises when I mentioned Serge's statement that in point of good clothing and housing Soviet Russia was far worse than Czarist Russia. This produced derisive sneers. I turned on them. "How dare you sneer at a man who has been in the front-line trenches of the Revolutionary struggle, who has been imprisoned for his faith. You comfortable Communists of Pittsburgh, you should weep rather than laugh when such men like Serge denounce the Russia to which he and you have pinned your faith."

A friend who was present told me that the remark which seemed to sting the Communists more than any other was the phrase "You comfortable Communists of Pittsburgh." And he added "You see they like to think of themselves as martyrs." After the debate which was broadcasted, my sparring partner and I, under the most skilful chairmanship of Dr. Klausen, joined in an informal conversation on the radio.

I wish to make it clear that I do not imply that Browder ran away from Arnold Lunn. For all I know Browder and Budenz and the other Communists against whom I have debated may be far more competent debaters than I am on any subject but Communism. It was from the case against Communism that Browder ran.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

MILITANT CATHOLICS

SHOULD Catholics be militant, in the sense of being noisy and provocative? The debate goes on indefinitely between counselors of moderation and advocates of blood-and-thunder. The former feel satisfied that they are in company with the wise, the latter that they are ranked among the brave. Yet it seems to me the truth may be ascertained.

It should be frankly acknowledged that in certain situations nothing is gained by reasonableness, prudence and moderation. There the only course is to be noisy, raise a stir and make people angry or scared. It is the only way for Catholics in a country village to deal with an alleged ex-nun who hires a hall and spouts anti-Catholic or anti-religious lies and obscenities. Under certain circumstances, it is the only way to deal with certain literary or dramatic offenses against public decency. There are people who respect nothing but a show of force, and the only means to bring some supposed custodians of the law to their duty is when Catholics raise the roof and demand action.

As long as the means in themselves are not against morality or the discipline of the Church, there is no stigma attaching to militant demonstrations as compared with sweet reasonableness. The devil can be sweetly reasonable, and Christ drove the money-changers out of the Temple. If picketing is not done illegally there is no reason, in itself, why we may not picket an establishment that authorizes social injustice, or a home of a person who promotes irreligion or indecency. All things being equal, there seems to be something nobler about the man who is willing to demonstrate for his Faith, than the person who sits quietly in the background and avoids the knocks and blows.

While we are frank on that point, however, let us be frank on another. Let us clearly face two serious dangers which arise from a program of militant, physically demonstrative Catholicism, even when it keeps strictly within the bounds of the law, moral, civil and ecclesiastical.

The first danger is that of intoxication with demonstrative methods, to the exclusion of other means of defending truth or of securing justice which are characteristic of Catholicism. An appeal to noise and demonstration runs like wildfire. While it may spell courage for a few, it spells excitement and adventure for hundreds of joiners. People, especially young people, long for the sense of "doing." They wish to transfer into the moral field that acute sense of accomplishment that gives thrill to physical sport. But this very sense of accomplishment is among the things which Christ's program may ask us to sacrifice. He sacrificed it Himself, humanly speaking, for thirty years.

When Richard Reid and his laymen started out

to combat bigotry in Georgia, where would they have got if they had relied upon militancy?

The second danger is that when our machine is fully attuned to exert the zeal of the Lord upon our enemies, we are tempted to turn it against our own. Recent experiences in France and Belgium, which called for serious pronouncement from the Bishops of those two countries, gave woeful example of this very thing. Supposed disloyalty within the camp arouses, when skilfully pictured, more resentment than the tactics of the enemy without. Caution is charged as cowardice; prudence as dissimulation. The result is a front laid wide open to the foe through dissensions among the Faithful.

What is the answer to these difficulties? A hush-hush policy, and reliance upon purely peaceful methods when peaceful methods are ineffective and clearly not in order? By no means. There is an answer, and I think it is to be found in none other than the Blessed Mother herself, who enjoys the marvelous title of Conqueror of all heresies.

Prophetically (Cant. of Cant., vi, 3) the Scriptures say of Mary that she is "terrible to the enemy as an army set in array." The Latin phrase is *acies ordinata*, which keenly shapes up the idea. Unity and order give power to the Catholic battle for the truth. The same unity, the same order give power to all actions in that battle, whether they be militant or non-militant. The question at issue, in any instance, is not whether militancy or non-militancy is in itself preferable, but whether the type of action chosen fits into the unity of the Catholic array.

Mary herself practised all types in her life. She was silent and pondered all things in her heart, in the youth of the Redeemer. She wistfully complained to the Boy Saviour for His three-days absence; she commanded the waiters at the wedding; she denounced the rich and mighty in the Magnificat; she faced the mob and the soldiery and the persecuting powers in the Crucifixion; she dwelt in prayerful counsel prior to Pentecost. But in all things she was "set in order," *ordinata*; there was unity in all that she did. So there is unity in all the various means proposed to us by Pope Pius XI in his Encyclicals.

The unity that gives power to Catholic Action is not—contrary to many popular impressions—a unity of mere organization. Modern America is organization-minded; but the Church is organic-minded; and that is a completely different thing. We need organization and organizations, but they are a mechanism, not a source of Catholic power. The only power that can conquer the enemy today is Catholic power, which comes from the Holy Spirit, not the mere momentum of combined human means. If we can solve the problem of organic action, the question of militancy will be answered.

JOHN LAFARGE

BOARD-CONTROLLED LABOR

IT is not often that we quote the president of the American Federation of Labor. Except when engaged in mud-slinging with the president of the Committee for Industrial Organization (and it is only fair to say that the C.I.O. head began this form of debate) Mr. Green usually speaks as a creature of sunshine and peace discussing affairs in the realm of Queen Berengaria. But now and then he descends to the hard realities of life.

One of these descents was observed in an address given by him at the University of Wisconsin some weeks ago. After assailing certain unnamed leaders of labor who, he contended, "have infused into peaceful communities political and social unrest," Mr. Green turned his eyes to Washington, where he discerned other enemies engaged in the same fell work, with the aid of the Government. Labor and capital, he said, "have a common cause to protest against autocratic usurpation of power over their destiny by government agency, whether it be the National Labor Relations Board . . . or any proposed board to substitute itself for the parties in determining for them the terms and conditions under which labor and capital shall, side by side, function together."

We are glad to observe that Mr. Green has at last noticed a real danger inherent in the labor legislation which has been so blithely put through the Congressional hoppers. Much of this legislation has been enacted on the theory that it would please organized labor, or that organized labor needed it; and organized labor has become a political factor, which few Congressmen care to antagonize. But the simple fact is that if the Government undertakes to define conditions of labor and to fix wages, there is great danger that it will also control labor.

Here a real difficulty arises. As we learn from the Papal Encyclicals, the civil authority is bound to extend an especial degree of protection to the wage-earner, since he is exposed to exploitation of a kind that, unaided, he cannot resist. No one, at least no Catholic, will quarrel with the principle. His quarrel will be with those who apply the principle, not because they apply it, but because they apply it wrongly. They mean well, but, as President Green observed at Wisconsin, once they begin to operate under the authority of the Federal Government, they are apt to destroy "by Government fiat."

All law encroaches in some degree upon liberty, to the end that a maximum of free action may be preserved for the greater number. Where to draw the line beyond which law must not go, is frequently a matter of extreme difficulty. But it is better to err on the side of liberty, for it may be assumed as certain that the Government will push to the limit all power entrusted to it by a given statute. It is not surprising that some Federal labor legislation has been based upon arbitrary fiat, rather than upon reason, for Congress is entering upon a new field. But labor and capital and the public alike will do well to guard "against autocratic usurpation of power" by any Federal board.

ASH WEDNESDAY

NEXT Wednesday marks the opening of the season of Lent. "Remember man that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." If that solemn reminder makes us uneasy, we may thank God, for only those who never think of God, or think of Him only to offend Him, are unmoved by it. Not all of us can fast, but there is no one who cannot perform some daily act of self-denial that will help him to live in the spirit of Lent, even if he cannot observe the Lenten law to the letter. The world has gone mad in pursuit of pleasure, but we who are Catholics must keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

RADIO CENSOR

THE announcement last week that the broadcasting companies are planning self-censorship is of the highest importance. One recent event brought this need to a climax, and at the same time foreshadowed the disastrous possibility of direct Government censorship. Federal censorship already exists in some degree, through the Government's assumed authority to grant and cancel licenses, but, in our judgment, further assumption of the power of censorship by any Federal board, should be steadfastly resisted.

At present, the self-censorship plans are incomplete. It would appear, however, according to press reports, that the National Association of Broadcasters, representing the major stations, will appoint a president with powers similar to those exercised by Will Hays over the moving-picture industry, and by Judge Landis in baseball. Further developments will probably include the engagement of a committee chairman to rule on programs in much the same manner that Joseph I. Breen examines scenarios for moving pictures.

For the scheme itself, we have nothing but praise. But it is obvious that success will depend entirely on the character of the managers to whom it is entrusted. One item in the news reports suggests reason for uneasiness in hinting that the chief censor will be "a nationally-known political figure." Any link with partisan politics forged through an alliance with a politician "who knows the ropes" and can get the ear of the Federal Radio Commission, would, in our judgment, ultimately ruin the plan.

A NORRIS AMENDMENT

WHEN they deem change advisable, the people of the United States have always been able to amend the Constitution without difficulty. A case in point is the Twenty-first Amendment, repealing Prohibition. The only amendments which fail are those which the people consider harmful or unnecessary; the so-called child-labor amendment, for instance, which has been hanging in mid-air for fourteen years. Hence the change proposed by Senator Norris, permitting two-thirds of the State to ratify an amendment is entirely unnecessary. That alone is reason enough for its peremptory rejection.

CENSORS ITSELF

It may be objected that Will Hayes was "a nationally known politician," and that in spite of this fact his control of the moving-picture industry has been fairly successful, at least after the advent of the Legion of Decency. But the cases are not parallel. Radio stations depend upon a Federal Board for their very existence, and have almost from the beginning, but there has never been a similar Federal control over the moving-picture industry. The appointment of censors on the ground that they are well known in politics, or that they can gain favorable attention from the politicians, would inject partisan considerations into a matter which should be entirely free from them.

Since the radio makes its way daily into millions of homes, we are entitled to demand clean programs. At the same time, we must avoid the risk of Government censorship. The broadcasting companies are taking the best possible means of avoiding it by setting themselves to clean house. There is no reason in the world why, granted the appointment of supervisors who will exercise a strict yet intelligent control, they should not succeed in this task.

The radio is now "free" under the same constitutional guarantee which protects free speech and a free press, and in that sense it should be kept free. But it must not forget that the exercise of a right implies responsibilities. Incidentally, we hope that the company censors will also rule off the air the alleged humor, usually very depressing, and the frightful cacophony frequently offered as "music."

REORGANIZATION

THERE is only one "must" about the bill for the reorganization of the Federal departments, bureaus and agencies. Unless the bill withholds from the Executive powers which do not properly belong to the Executive, and withholds them in plain and unmistakable language, it "must" be rejected.

It would not be easy to overestimate the importance of the issues bound up in this bill. For years it has been notorious that reorganization, not merely for dispatch but for common efficiency was necessary, and the need has grown more apparent in the great multiplication of Federal bureaus and agencies since 1933. To this reform there can be no possible objection, but unfortunately, as with much of the legislation proposed at Washington of late, the bill, as originally introduced, contained clauses which did not mean what on their face they appeared to mean. One, for instance, would have put the Interstate Commerce Commission and similar boards with quasi-judicial powers, completely under the control of the Executive, while another could be used to transfer from Congress to the Executive the control of appropriations voted by Congress.

In brief, the original bill closely approached, if it did not actually approve, an evil denounced by Washington in the *Farewell Address*. Because of its importance, the paragraph is quoted in full.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power by dividing it and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by others, has been evinced by experiments, ancient and modern; some of them in our own country, and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. (*Italics inserted.*)

Let Congress consider this bill with Washington's wise advice before its eyes, and no danger is to be apprehended from a measure to reorganize the offices. What is to be greatly feared, however, is that under pretense of efficiency, essential changes in the distribution of powers will be attempted.

In abandoning the attempt to bring the quasi-judicial boards under the control of the Executive, the new bill is an improvement on the old. We are not so certain that the compromise on the comptroller general is equally welcome. The President so disliked this office that when the term of John R. McCarl expired, he declined to appoint a successor, and for many months the work has been carried on, in part at least, by a deputy. For the comptroller general, an auditor general, with a general auditing office, has been substituted.

Nor are we particularly pleased with the proposed reform of the civil-service system, or, at least, of what is left of it after the onslaughts of the last few years. The present three-member Civil Service Commission is to be replaced by one administrator to serve for fifteen years, assisted by an advisory board of seven members. Apparently, too, the President will be empowered to "extend" the merit system. Like even the present Civil Service Commission, this looks well on paper, but all will depend on the character of the administrator, and on the meaning of "advisory," as applied to the board which is to assist him. Is their advice to be equivalent to a command? That meaning is not unknown at Washington.

Frankly, we suspect every civil-service plan that emanates from that source. For five years every statement from Washington that "reform of the civil service is among the country's greatest needs," has been the prelude to another and more vicious attack on the merit system. The present Civil Service Commission would work well enough, if the President were to decline to sign bills which provide that employees need not meet civil-service requirements.

Possibly we are too skeptical. Conditions in civil service are so bad that the changes set forth in the reorganization bill may be an improvement. But we still cling to the belief that no administrator, even backed by a board of seven, can long hold out against the politicians in Congress who want jobs for their henchmen, and are determined to have them.

LINCOLN

A NEW book about Lincoln, *The Hidden Lincoln*, has been written by Emanuel Hertz. We do not presume to invade the field of the literary editor by contributing a review unasked. But our interest, and the interest of every American, in this great American, may justify us in offering prospective readers a word of caution.

If you have read *Herndon's Lincoln*, by Herndon and Weik, if you are familiar with the story as told by Beveridge, if you know the researches made by Stephenson, Warren, and especially, by Barton, then by all means take up Hertz. You will read profitably, because you will read critically. But the student who begins with Hertz will get not Lincoln, but Herndon; and Herndon, although he wrote a book that is a quarry to which all biographers have gone and will continue to go, is an unsafe guide for a neophyte. Herndon undertook to study a genius, and like a man who gazes at the sun, was blinded. Trying to write before his eyes were clear, he often saw men as trees walking.

Some of the newspaper reviews leave the impression that Mr. Hertz has industriously woven a chronicle of prairie scandal. The impression is unjust to the author of this serious and, in many respects valuable study. Lincoln has nothing to fear from the truth. Much of what Herndon wrote is not the truth, but gossip.

THE BLIND MAN

TO most of us, no doubt, memories of childhood bring back beautiful pictures from the Gospels. We looked at them first standing at mother's knee, while she, the best teacher in religion and morals the child can have, told us their story. Eagerly we followed the Star to Bethlehem to kneel before the Divine Babe, or with widening eyes we watched the Wise Men riding into town on camels laden with treasure. Perhaps we wondered if Saint Joseph was not frightened when the Angel suddenly came in the middle of the night to tell him to fly into Egypt at once, to escape the messengers of the bad king who wanted to kill Our Lord, and. . . . Happy the man whose childhood memories are not entirely drawn from Grimm's fairy tales and Mother Goose!

One picture which, probably, is clear in our memories is that of the Blind Man who sat at the roadside begging, as Our Lord drew nigh to Jericho. We did not understand all the implications of this Gospel (Saint Luke xviii, 31-43) which the Church reads us tomorrow. We saw only its picturesque features, and we were very glad when Our Lord worked a miracle to give the poor man his sight. But in our maturer years, we can meditate again and again on this Gospel without exhausting the wealth of its teachings.

Did Jesus perform this miracle to hearten the Apostles and to quicken their faith in Him? Very possibly, for He had just foretold His passion in detail, and perhaps they were somewhat discouraged. He had also foretold His resurrection, but sometimes the thought of suffering so fills our minds that we forget the healing which the physician promises. Saint Luke writes very bluntly: "And they understood none of these things." They were a dim-eyed, ear-stopped, stiff-necked lot, "the twelve," before the Holy Ghost came down upon them.

However this may be, one valuable lesson we can learn from this Gospel concerns our prayers. This blind man called out to Jesus repeatedly, yet for all his infinite sympathy with the afflicted, Our Lord paid no attention to him. "But he cried out much more: Son of David, have mercy on me." He was determined that he would be heard, even if he had to stir up, as the Apostles seemed to fear he would stir up, a riot. His prayer was *persevering*.

That is the first lesson we find about prayer. But there is a second. At last our Lord stops, and bids the Apostles bring this trouble-maker before Him. There they stand, Our Blessed Lord in all the beauty of His perfect Manhood, and before Him, the beggar, typifying us sinners, ragged, grimy, poverty-stricken, blind. Our Lord asks him but one question, but that question He also puts to us. "What wilt thou that I do to thee?" With perfect faith, the beggar answers, "Lord, that I may see."

Would that we had the perseverance in prayer and the faith of the blind beggar who sat by the wayside on that day centuries ago. Daily can we draw nigh to Jesus, and beg Him, "Lord, that I may see what I must do to serve you more faithfully; Lord, that I may fulfil it to the end."

CHRONICLE

THE CONGRESS. For the second time in three weeks the Senate refused to invoke closure to stop the filibuster on the Anti-Lynching Bill. . . . Senator Bulkley introduced a measure for construction of ten transcontinental highways. Cost would be about \$6,000,000,000. Self-liquidating, the highways would relieve unemployment, the bill's sponsor said. . . . House Naval Affairs Committee Chairman, Carl Vinson, declared the \$800,000,000 naval bill would define the "fundamental naval policy of the United States." A navy large enough to defend the coast line in both oceans at the same time; to protect the Panama Canal and insular possessions; to protect commerce, citizens abroad; a navy adequate to achieve all this, but not a navy for aggression. This would be the basic policy proposed by the bill, Mr. Vinson said. . . . The most significant change in the last eleven years is the "transfer of initiative and authority of the people at home to the government in Washington," retiring Senator Steiwer declared. . . . A joint Congressional committee reported Statehood for Hawaii was not opportune in present international conditions. . . . The Crop Control Bill was voted by the House and Senate, signed by the President. The Administration receives the power to regiment and control production in cotton, wheat, corn, rice and tobacco. The National Grange, chief farm organization opposing the bill, will continue its opposition. "Absolute regimentation upon the neck of the American farmer," the Grange said referring to the bill. . . . A joint resolution was introduced in the Senate and House by Senator King and Representative Maverick, asking President Roosevelt to call a world disarmament conference in Washington. . . . Representative Shannon asked the House Naval Committee to call Eugene J. Young, cable editor of the *New York Times*. Mr. Young's book contains memoranda written by the late Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *Times*. Mr. Ochs, the book says, held a conference in 1921 in London with the First Lord of the British Admiralty, in which they discussed the policing of the Pacific by the United States and of the Atlantic by the British.

NAVAL DATA. Answering the British, French and American notes of February 5, asking for Japanese naval data, Tokyo refused to reveal its naval program. In a simultaneously published statement, however, Japan implied it is not building ships above treaty limits, and that if the powers commence super-treaty construction, Japan will have to alter her plans to cope with this construction. The Japanese note declared limiting the type of ships but not the number of ships was not an "equitable measure for disarmament." Japan is ready to enter a disarmament conference if both

the types and the numbers of ships could be restricted. . . . Japan wants naval parity with Britain and America. Both countries refuse to grant this. The United States has much more coast line to defend than Japan; it needs a greater navy to accomplish this defense. . . . Replying to inquiries from Congressman Ludlow, Secretary Hull said the proposed naval program was necessary for defense and that it "does not contemplate the use of any of the (naval) units in cooperation with any other nation in any part of the world." Mr. Hull added it was appropriate, "while avoiding any alliances or entangling commitments," to exchange information, to confer and "where practicable, to proceed on parallel lines," with other countries which "have common interests and common objectives" with the United States. . . . In the House naval inquiry, Congressman Fish was asked if he thought Britain and the United States had an agreement involving action in the Far East. He said he would take Secretary Hull's word there was no agreement, but added: "I believe we are prepared and undoubtedly have discussed in detail a program of parallel action which is not much different from concerted action."

WASHINGTON. Charges mounted that the Spanish Embassy in Washington is abusing its franking privileges by sending out propaganda through the United States mails while the American taxpayer foots the bills. Captain John E. Kelly in New York exhibited propaganda received from the Embassy, sent postage free. The agreement between the United States and Spain insists the franking privilege must not extend to matter "that has for its fundamental object the diffusion among the people of Communistic doctrine." . . . The Supreme Court upheld South Carolina's right to limit motor trucks using its highways to a loaded weight of 20,000 pounds, a width of ninety inches. States may thus impose weight and size limits. The law, South Carolina declared, was designed to protect lives and property of motorists and to prevent damage to highways. . . . Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, personal physician to Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, died February 15. . . . While the Navy, reversing a thirteen-year policy of publicity, cloaked warship building with secrecy, the Army commenced the largest peacetime purge of officer personnel in history. A large number of generals and colonels will be dropped. . . . A letter signed by several Episcopal Bishops, a Rabbi, Protestant clergymen, professors, urged the Administration to alter the Neutrality Act so that the United States could extend aid to the Red regime in Spain. Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of State, was also among the signers of the letter.

THE ADMINISTRATION. President Roosevelt declared price levels were too low, should go up. . . . Altering its gold-sterilization program, the Treasury Department announced that only the gold in excess of \$100,000,000 entering the country during a quarter will be sterilized. Sterilized now is \$1,223,249,465. Financial circles described the move as inflationary: a step necessitated by the new depression to check the decline in commodity prices. . . . The President asked Congress for more money, \$250,000,000, for relief in the face of rising unemployment. The House approved the request, sent the measure to the Senate. The ranks of the WPA, now 1,950,000, will be boosted to an estimated 2,200,000 to 2,500,000 during the next four months. . . . The Government deficit for the current year will be pushed up from \$1,088,129,600 to \$1,338,129,600 by the measure. . . . Declaring the depression can be cured, General Hugh S. Johnson said: "The present depression was made by one man and can be lifted by one man, and his name is Franklin D. Roosevelt." . . . Adolf A. Berle, Jr., was nominated Assistant Secretary of State by the President. . . . Invited by the British Broadcasting Company, Secretary Ickes will address the English people on Washington's Birthday.

AT HOME. President of the International Longshoremen's Association, Joseph P. Ryan, asserted John L. Lewis claimed last Summer he had "control" of the New York police. . . . Senator Vandenberg urged fusion between anti-New Deal Democrats and Republicans to "save the American system," prevent "collectivism." . . . The United States Steel Corporation renewed "indefinitely" its contract with the C. I. O. . . . Joseph P. Kennedy, retiring chairman of the Maritime Commission, criticized Miss Perkins' opposition to a mediation board to settle maritime labor disputes. The complete destruction of the American merchant marine will result unless chaotic conditions are remedied, he felt. . . . For the third time in four years the New York legislature defeated the Child Labor Amendment. . . . Earl Browder, American Communist chief, returned from Russia.

GERMANY-AUSTRIA. In another lightning-like move, Adolf Hitler achieved another of his objectives, actual, if not altogether official, control of Austria, a sort of "dry *Anschluss*." February 12, Austrian Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg journeyed to Berchtesgaden, Hitler's mountain home. There Hitler threatened the Austrian leader with armed invasion if he did not submit to German demands. Schuschnigg frantically and vainly telephoned foreign capitals seeking aid. Foreign capitals were cold to his appeals. He submitted. Pro-Nazi Ministers were put in charge of the Austrian police, foreign affairs and administration of justice. The new Cabinet contains the following Hitlermen: Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart, Minister of the Interior and controller of security services; Dr. Guido Schmidt, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Ludwig Adamo-

vich, Minister of Justice, Dr. Glaise-Horstenau, Minister Without Portfolio. These men were personally selected by Hitler. Immediate announcement was made that all Austrian Nazis in prison were to be released. . . . The Austria of Dollfuss was ended. . . . Cardinal von Faulhaber again denounced the Hitler campaign against Christianity.

RUSSIA. Stalin called on the workers of the world to extend political aid to Russia in case of attack. "The aid of the international proletariat appears to be a force without which the final victory of Socialism (he avoided the word *Communism*) in one country is not to be decided," the Red chief said. He reiterated Lenin's belief: "The permanent existence of the Soviet Republic beside capitalist States is inconceivable." He urged closer relations between the Soviet working class and the working class of "bourgeois countries." Organization of political aid by the working class of bourgeois nations to aid Russia, was necessary, he declared. . . . United States diplomats visited American citizen, Mrs. Ruth Marie Rubens, in her prison. An interview, stage-managed, heavily censored by the Russians, was held. A judge refused to allow Mrs. Rubens to answer questions he did not want answered. Mrs. Rubens appeared to be under pressure. She said she did not need assistance, had no complaint to make, did not want counsel, did not want the American Embassy to help her.

FOOTNOTES. Japan, admitting discipline broke down around Nanking, apologized to the United States, promised effective measures to prevent repetition of affronts. Japanese smashed Chinese lines south of Changteh. A ninety-mile advance was reported. Fierce fighting continued on other fronts. . . . In Spain, Franco's columns reported capture of Zalamea Hill in the Cordoba region. . . . Feodor Butenko, charge d'affaires of the Russian Legation in Bucharest, Rumania, fled to Rome, to save his life. Stalin agents had been sent from Moscow to kidnap or murder him, he said. He is the second Soviet diplomat to flee for his life in the last three months. . . . The British House of Commons voted for greater extension of British propaganda. . . . In Ulster Viscount Craigavon's Unionist Government was returned. Ulster is so gerrymandered that Nationalist majorities in certain sections are nullified. . . . The British naval base was opened in Singapore. The only foreign fleet represented was that of the United States. . . . The strike of stevedores in Puerto Rico, which threatened starvation for the island, was terminated in a victory for labor. . . . In Rumania, Premier Octavian Goga was dismissed by King Carol. Carol set up a practical dictatorship, ruling without constitution or parties. Patriarch Miron Cristea, head of the Orthodox Church, was named Prime Minister in the King's new government. . . . Congratulation from all over the world poured in on Pope Pius XI on the sixteenth anniversary of his coronation. He was consecrated 261st successor of Peter on February 12, 1922.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANTI-BIAS PRAYERS

EDITOR: We want to tell you how anxiously we are watching AMERICA for further news of your anti-press-propaganda organization. And most important of all, we want to tell you that we are sharing the prayers of our Carmelites and Poor Clares with you, for we know that success in the cause which you are promoting, depends upon your nation-wide plan.

The Kansas Sodalists are very serious about this matter of the Carmelites. We wrote to about forty convents of Carmelites and Poor Clares and said, "We will work if you will pray." About twenty of them answered—the most wonderful letters promising prayers and sacrifice. And the poorest women in the United States—the Poor Clares at Omaha—actually sent a dollar for stamps. We had a notion to use those stamps for letters to Stalin, Browder, etc., but we reflected and decided to call verbally on the Carmelites again and tell them of your nation-wide program, and the urgent need of prayers for its success. So very soon a fat bunch of letters will be going out, in which we shall introduce Father Toomey to the contemplatives of America.

This will perhaps indicate how tremendously we are counting on you to do what we cannot. And it may indicate also that even in our own small scale here we have had a glimpse of the difficulties which you will encounter.

Atchison, Kans.

KANSAS SODALIST

THE WORLD'S A STAGE

EDITOR: We wonder whether Catholics can take a dare.

Last summer the Catholics threw their hat into the theatrical ring and announced that they hoped to become a definite force for good theatre. Why not establish a theatre, Catholic in spirit and organization, at the New York International World's Fair in 1939?

This letter suggests a possible plan: a group to be formed in connection with the Catholic Theatre Conference. This group is to concern itself with the selection of a play, possibly through a National Play contest, the production of the play, the arrangements with the Fair officials and the necessary agreements with the guilds. Realizing that space at the Fair is to be limited, we feel that early action is desirable.

This plan is practicable in as much as any involved expense would ultimately be defrayed by the potential audience of over a million. Surely a play containing basic truths, which are dramatic in themselves, should have an appeal to Catholic as

well as non-Catholic. Witness the recent successes, *Father Malachy's Miracle* and *Shadow and Substance*.

Naturally, backing is a problem, but we are convinced that philanthropically-minded Catholics would be willing to lend their support to this enterprise.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

BETTY LYNN
EILEEN WELCH

SUPERSCRIBER

EDITOR: Being greatly interested but also perturbed by the notices of increasing costs in issuing AMERICA, I resolved to do my part in keeping the subscription price at \$4 per annum.

You stated in one of your announcements that if every subscriber procured only one new name for your list, you would be relieved of financial worries of increased costs, and hence be able to deliver your Review at the old price.

Some, of course, are unable to help you. To offset this lack of opportunity or chances of getting new subscribers for the Review, I think that some of us should double, and perhaps even triple, our efforts.

I personally have been most fortunate and I am enclosing cash and list of new subscribers, ten in number.

Now that gives birth to a new idea, the spirit of competition. Has anyone done as well or better? Let us have a friendly battle, AMERICA being the winner. I love the Review so much that I honestly hope I will be among the "also rans."

New York, N. Y.

IL DUCE

CONTRARY TO NATURE

EDITOR: May I assure you that the splendid article, *Soviet Education Cannot Change Nature*, by Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., has been a great stimulation to my friends and to me. It is a constructive piece of work with a ring of sincerity and hope. We need this spirit of hope to accomplish the work now being done in educating against Communism. We need to believe in the conscience of man as in the following passage quoted from Father Gallagher's article:

The system (Soviet) is running contrary to the nature of its subjects and in such a conflict, history, even the Marxian interpretation of it, proves that the system and not the nature of its victims is doomed to ultimate failure.

I am enclosing herewith subscription for your Review.

Boston, Mass.

FRANCES G. KEYES

LITERATURE AND ARTS

HOW TO TELL A JESUIT: AN HUMBLE ENQUIRY

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

I HAVE often been puzzled by a certain clairvoyant faculty of discernment which nearly everybody seems to possess except me. It is common to hear people boast that they can tell a priest no matter how secularly he may be disguised. They sometimes go further and claim they can tell a Benedictine or a Dominican or a Redemptionist or a Passionist, and so on, even when he is clad in ordinary clerical street-clothes. The people who interest me particularly, of course, are the people who say they can recognize a Jesuit whenever and wherever they see him.

It is more than I can do after a long lifetime spent among Jesuits. I recall the day I met two clergymen in a street-car and fell to chatting with them. To satisfy a mild curiosity and to fill a pause, I asked them in my best company manner what parishes they were attached to. They replied that they were Jesuits and belonged to the same community as myself. It was somewhat embarrassing. I must add by way of extenuation that it was a numerous community lodged in a group of houses. That rather disturbing experience has recurred in modified forms several times since, so that now I approach a strange clergyman with great caution.

This ineptitude on my part makes the keenness of those who say they can tell a Jesuit at sight all the more baffling. I have tried to save myself by allowing largely for the human tendency to exaggerate. But my own experience is on their side. I have frequently been picked out for a Jesuit by total strangers. Once I was looking for a certain street in New York, whither I had just come from a remote province, when a man approached me with an offer to help. After giving me the desired information, he asked me if I were not a Jesuit. I begged him to tell me how he knew. *Incessu patuit Jesuita*: something or other about me, he could not say what. The only clue he could venture was that his brother was a Jesuit.

The most startling instance of this kind that I remember occurred in Stratford-on-Avon where two fellow Jesuits and I were stopping for a day, like good Americans, to pay our respects at the shrine of Shakespeare. We had taken our luncheon

at one of the tourist hotels in the town, and were settling with the clerk at the hotel desk, when he electrified us by asking casually if we were Jesuits. For the English Midlands are not much more Catholic than Sweden or Norway, or backward counties in our own country, the last place in the world where a Jesuit could expect to be recognized. The three of us plied the man with all kinds of questions to find out how he could possibly have spotted us. It was no use. The only thing he had to offer that looked like an explanation was the fact that he had worked in the Jesuit house at Manchester when Father Bernard Vaughan was there. As none of us had anything resembling or faintly suggesting the baronial port of Father Vaughan, we went away unsatisfied.

These are trivial incidents, but they seem to lend color to a rather grave charge against the Jesuits, namely, that they are reduced to a dead level of uniformity by their life and rules, depersonalized, so to say, made into machines with the factory stamp upon them. Years ago a college youth in one of my classes repeated this patter to me, having been listening to his elders, or having picked it up in some author who knew all about Jesuits, like Alexander Dumas or Eugene Sue. I was rather appalled at my helplessness to make a suitable reply. What is to be said when you are told that you lack individuality? The school was swarming with Jesuits, no two of whom were alike. It was a case of the tyranny of the press over mind and experience; a very nice instance of antecedent reasoning triumphing over the obvious facts. We all observed the same rules, and therefore we must be the same in character, disposition, inclinations, and whatever else makes a man a distinct individual: we simply must be the same, all facts to the contrary notwithstanding. Besides, everybody said so. The only response that occurred to me at the time was that all the Jesuits in that college ate the same meals with noticeably varying results: a fact which the boy could not possibly blink.

Still, the fact remains, apparently equally unblinking, that a result can be recognized by total strangers. It is, as I have said, a mystery to me: I

cannot imagine how they do it, and they cannot tell me the secret. But I do not think it is because we have been drilled into a standardized and goose-stepping sameness. It is true that Cardinal Newman said: "All Jesuits have the same cut about them." But I am sure the pleasantry was not intended to be disparaging since he always admired the Jesuits and encouraged Gerard Manley Hopkins to become one. He was just the man to find intolerable a set of men whose rules tended to erase their personality.

The fool in the old Greek story, who was out to sell his house, carried a brick from it around with him as a sample to show prospective buyers: he could not take the house with him on his rounds. There is only a very thin partition between the fool's folly and a rather profound truth. Most of us carry, not our house, but our home with us wherever we go. Every man, woman and child is a living hint of the home they come from. The idea will bear expansion, it seems to me, to include not only the family but every body of men who, for any notable period of time, live a common life that is regulated by definite rules and traditions. It is conceivable that such persons by living together acquire a sort of family likeness such as Ovid described, a sameness marked by differences. At least, we hear people declare that they can tell an Oxford man anywhere, or an English public-school man. Harvard, in the same way, is said to leave a mark on its young men.

I do not think this visible mold of form is usually taken to mean that all peculiar traits of the natural character are crushed and rubbed off till the subject has been subdued to a uniform color and type. On the contrary, I believe the impress of a distinguished school is worn with an air and is regarded with favor by people at large. If it is not mere snobbery and is really the effect of training in an atmosphere of noble tradition, everyone will so regard it except, of course, believers in the unbridled individualism of a menagerie. Most of us are rough enough to need a little leveling.

While it is true, as I have said several times already, that I have not the dimmest notion of how one can tell a Jesuit, I cannot bring myself to believe that it is the absence of all individuality. Living among Jesuits intimately, I am almost tempted to say that I see nothing else. I do not deny that they may bear a common mark distinguishable to others. If we have not spent some time in China, it is ordinarily difficult to tell one Chinese from another; but, since the difficulty does not exist among the Chinese themselves, it does not argue the absence of strong personal traits of character. The Chinese, it is said, have the same difficulty with us: to them all westerners are alike and hard to tell apart. To one looking from the outside, all Jesuits may "have the same cut about them." It is certain that from the inside they present a rather heterogeneous group—in appearance, character, disposition, deportment. To me it will, I fear, always be a mystery how they can be related to some formula by which a stranger can know them—unless it be true of Jesuits, as has been said in another

connection, that the more they differ the more they are alike.

By way of parenthesis, I wish to say that I am glad that at various times in their history Jesuits were not so easily recognized as they seem to be today. Otherwise the English priest-hunters would not have had such great trouble in rounding them up for Tyburn and the torture-chamber. It was an English grievance at the time, and still is in some quarters, that the Jesuits assumed disguises of various sorts: a low game to play on honest Englishmen. In their indignation they said the Jesuits were jesuitical.

I suppose I shall never learn what it is precisely that discloses the Jesuit. I am greatly concerned to know. I am sure it would be to my advantage. I sometimes have a dreadful fear that, after I am discovered and when I ask for the clue, I am not given it lest my feelings be hurt. There may be, after all, any number of ways of telling a Jesuit, more or less haphazard, some of them, perhaps, highly fanciful, when the happy guess is a pure accident. I read the following in a recent book: "We were shown around by a charming little friar. Incidentally all Franciscan friars seem to be small. I do not know whether the humility of their founder has imbued them with a delicate kind of physical shrinkage, or whether the Franciscan life does not appeal to men of large stature." I am quite sure that is a poor rule by which to tell Franciscans; it would never apply to Jesuits, some of whom are enormous. Very likely the rule for distinguishing Jesuits might in many cases prove to be equally fanciful.

But, even if it were, I should like to know it; I should probably reap profit from knowing. Thus, if you could tell me afar because I had a furtive and mysterious look, a certain air of conspiracy and intrigue, I would spend the rest of my life cultivating an open and expansive manner like a successful salesman of stocks and bonds. If it were because of a smart and worldly way of conducting myself, I should feel deeply chagrined and would go into retirement till I got rid of it and had acquired some of the demeanor of a serious and religious man. If I were told that I gave myself away by my crafty countenance, I do not know what could be done about it: I might ask for an inside job and never stir out of the house. Of course, if I looked altogether too crafty, my superiors might permit me to consult a plastic surgeon with a view of hiding my naturally crafty soul under a mask of simple honesty. And so on. There is, alas, no way of knowing how many useful hints for my improvement I am missing because people cannot or will not tell me how they know I am a Jesuit. If, however, they said they could tell I was a Jesuit by some fine trait they thought they saw in me, but which I really did not possess (although I ought to possess it), I should feel profoundly rebuked and bend every effort to grow if it were possible to the proper stature.

After all is said, the only thing that need concern a Jesuit very much is whether Loyola will recognize him easily as a Jesuit when they meet.

BETHSAIDA

We are so scarred with words and so bemused
By epithets incontinently fused,
That poets are but cripples till they find
And bathe in some Bethsaida of the mind.
We are so blind
To all the realm of real, so numb to feeling
Anything but the ache inside the breast, it takes a
Miracle to make the healing
Miracle of beauty manifest.
"Will no man aid me to the waters?" None,
Though you lie moaning eight and thirty years.
Nor, languid like Narcissus in the sun,
Will you be cured because your face appears
When the surface clears.
"Will no man aid me?" Run,
Writhe, crawl, be somehow first—the hesitant
Will still be on the brink when wings are heard
And the waters by an angel visitant
To momentary potency are stirred!

ALFRED BARRETT

AUTHORITY MANIFEST

Your hand, to listen to your friends
Unburnt, uncalled, and unscarred,
Feels, at its thin-quick finger ends,
Life's every air blow soft or hard.

They swear it animates a page,
Making the very pen-point think:
Now joy-relaxed, now stiff with rage.
And yet—it merely slings the ink.

Such scribbling only sets at rest
Those other men whose hands are pale;
His words alone were wholly blest
Whose hands knew splinter, dust, and nail.

JOHN JULIAN RYAN

CATHOLIC CHURCH

Mother and Bride long didst thou feed at
the lilies before I found thee,
Gracious one, mystical Mother and Strengtheners,
twilight containing the Sun;
The world is full of harlots who ape thee and
panders who hound thee,
Con-forter, Source of all strength, Holy One,
Indivisible, thou of the delicate eye, the
wisdom-nourishing breast
And grace-bringing, beautiful feet that run
Soft on the mountain-tops, bearing good tidings,
fresh from the fruit-bearing West. . . .
I laugh when I think how the world ignores thy Face,
Thy Mother-face . . . nurse-face . . . pardon-face,
milk-white, laughing-eyed. . . . Face!

Wealthy with lore of thy prophets and saints, thy
lovers who knew
That single, magistral Word thou teachest: Deathless-
ness,
Chai Olam, Immortalitas, Athanasia!
Whereby the Adamite tree that I grew,
The Tree Ygdrassil, whose roots are in Night and in
Death,
That dread, vertiginous thorn,
At a blast of thy delicate breath,
Is withered forever and Mother today of thee anew I
am born!

DAVID GORDON

O LOVE

O Love, and have You come to share
Our bones, our breath, our lungs, our air?

O Weightless, shall Your burden be
Our leaden Law of Gravity?

Within our fetters dare You, Fleet,
Go groping with our hands and feet?

And must our senses be assigned You!
Ears to deafen, eyes to blind You?

If I were God I swear I'd loathe
Myself in measurements to clothe.

Were I the Father's Word, no earth
Would straw and stable me at birth.

My tale would run, I must be honest,
Et Verbum Caro Factum Non Est.

LEONARD FEENEY

NOT JOY ALONE

Sweeter than the push of lilies
Is His slightest move.
Tender selfishness, He still is
Hers alone to love.

These are months she need not share Him,
In her womb, His shrine,
She is privileged to bear Him,
Prisoner divine.

Now the sun is strong upon her,
With her Son within;
God the gift and God the donor
Made her free from sin.

What is this stray breeze that blows a
Mist across her eyes?
Stabat mater dolorosa:
Him they will despise

JESSIE CORRIGAN PEGIS

BOOKS

A CHALLENGE TO MISSTATEMENT

PIONEER IRISH IN NEW ENGLAND. By Michael J. O'Brien, LL.D. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$3.50

AMONG the Catholic leaders who gave notable service to the colonial cause during our Revolution was Orono, chief of the Maine Penobscot Indians, one of the most remarkable men of his time. Many no doubt will be surprised by the assertion that he was of white origin and descended on his paternal side from the Irish O'Donnells. It is made by Dr. O'Brien as an instance of the validity of his claims in regard to the pioneer Irish settlers in New England and that they were numerous and important in the affairs of the Colony. The author of a brochure, *Our Anglo-Saxon Forebears*, scoffed at Dr. O'Brien's published statements about the Irish in America and declared: "The assertion that 'large numbers of Irish were in New England in the seventeenth century' is manifestly absurd on its face." The challenge was immediately taken up and this book convincingly answers it with indisputable proof of Dr. O'Brien's contention.

To gather its details he had to spend several years in an intensive study of American records, the files of courts, probate and land-office records, baptismal, marriage and burial registers, military rolls of the colonial wars, town books and public documents and other registers wherein names are recorded. There were about 2,500 white settlers in New England in the seventeenth century, and from the above sources Dr. O'Brien has listed 600 names that indicate their racial origin and testify to the presence of the Irish then in New England. He further claims that this does not represent the total number of Irish who came to the Colony.

Ireland was represented among the passengers on the *Mayflower* (1620); 550 "stollen from theyre bedds" in Cork, Waterford, and Wexford, Ireland, were landed at Marblehead, Mass., in 1654 by the ship *Goodfellow*; between 1649 and 1653 11,000 souls were transported from Ireland to the West Indies, Virginia and New England, according to English official records. The strange phonetic interpretations of Irish surnames are evident in many of the Colonial records and public documents. A distinct demarcation between "Irish" and "Scotch" in these records is also to be noted. The hybrid "Scotch-Irish" was an eighteenth century anti-Catholic invention. Before that it was a term of contempt.

In support of his seventeenth-century no-Irish contention the author above cited states: "there were then no Roman Catholics in the Colony." Most of the pioneers no doubt were of the Faith in their native land, but they and their immediate descendants had no chance to practice their religion and so wandered outside the fold. But even so, sturdy confessors were not lacking, as witness the case of goody Anne Glover "a scandalous old Irishwoman, very poor, a Roman Catholic and obstinate in idolatry" cruelly done to death in 1688, during the witchcraft craze, by Cotton Mather. Another was Joane Sullivan, at Salem, in 1681, lashed with a whip because she would not attend "the public meeting." In the court record of her case one of the witnesses is set down as testifying:

I asked the Irish maide about going to the public meeting and she replied that it was a devellish place for thay did not goe to mast, and what suld shee doe there for shee was resolved to stay out her time with her master and misteris and then goe whome to her owne country againe wher shee mit goe to mast.

The book is a remarkable accomplishment and further establishes Dr. O'Brien's prestige as an international authority in this field of ethnology. It is to be hoped that all concerned will offer a practical evidence of their appreciation of what for him has been a labor of love.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

A HISTORY WITHOUT THE FACTS

A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN. By Miriam Beard. The Macmillan Co. \$5

MORE thousands of years than miles separate Ur from Detroit, and it is a far cry from the Mesopotamian merchant to Henry Ford; yet the spade of the archeologist has unearthed artifacts which reveal that today's business is heir to a remote past and that instruments of credit and temple-banks existed long ago on the banks of the Euphrates.

Gathering together merchants and bankers of every age and race, Miriam Beard has produced a long, but fast moving, scenario of the world of business. Beginning in the Near East we travel ever westward, passing in review the Homeric man, the Roman, the Hanse man until in the Middle Ages we pause to meet the merchants of Venice, and Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Here, we are told that "in the closing years of *Cinque cento*, there were no Jews left in Venice, at least officially." The play is dubbed "a symptom of the Stratford-on-Avon, lower-bourgeois mentality." We read that "the dominant figures in international finance," from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, were Christians, and again, that "if they (the Jews) attracted folk-animosities more than the Christians, this was due, it now seems, to their being humbler and closer to the plain people, making them easier targets."

It is hard to fight against fiction. This Catholics know full well and we sympathize the more with the lady's kindly apologia for a great and illustrious race, as Christians are also being baited today in Germany, and murdered in Spain and Mexico. We could wish she were as fair toward the Catholic Church. We respectfully submit a few samples of her statements. An indulgence is to her "the sale of remissions of sins." This is not and never was a Catholic doctrine, but it is hard to fight against fiction.

In vain one looks for the names of Pastor, Gasquet, Grisar in the author's bibliography. The lady dislikes monks. She writes, "French John (Saint Francis of Assisi) was a bourgeois renegade." Again, "Saint Francis of Assisi . . . went so far as to deny that Christ possessed private property." The foundation of his Order she views as the "surrender" of Saint Francis to the Church, engineered by Vatican diplomacy. After his death Rome made him "a patron saint of respectability." The idea of surrender to Rome is a modern rationalistic invention. We submit just a clause on the Dominicans in the lady's best journalese. She says: "They stood up for private property and they repudiated baths." Last and worst fare, the Jesuits. "Their Order was one of the chief financial and commercial powers of the world." Of their preaching in France she says: "The Jesuits knew the proper dialect as well as dialectics." Finally, to round out the picture painted by the lady we call a clause to cover the foreign missions. "French Catholic fathers were busily acting as diplomatic agents for trading companies in the Far East." It is hard to fight against fiction.

The writer displays little enthusiasm toward the Church's long struggle against human greed and less understanding of the Catholic viewpoint on the difficult subject of usury and interest. She thinks that the Florentine bankers won from the Church "doctrinal concessions and sanctification through arts." With no love for Catholic dogma she is at times herself most dogmatic. In her discussion of Mussolini's Fascist State with its castor oil and *dopolavoro* she mentions the Church's "doctrine (sic) of corporatism, elaborated by many theologians (sic) in various tongues." The implication is, of course, that Mussolini's own brand of corporative state corresponds to the social program of Pius XI. She does not seem to be aware that a fair and dispassionate criticism of Italian corporatism is to be found in *Quadragesimo anno*. Now, a definition is not necessarily a disaster, but the writer's definition of a corporative state as "a kind of top holding-concern," or as one might call it, an Insull pyramid, does not at all correspond to the corporative society outlined in the Encyclical, and would be a disaster.

Finally she writes: "If there was no Reformation in Italy, it may have been because men had seen so much of commercial as well as monkish corruption that they were sceptical of reforming either." And so it may have been despair of reform that kept Italy Catholic. Here is a new paradox and a new theory. The book does demonstrate that the eternal temptation of the business man has been first to get on, then to get honor, and last to get honest.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

A FITTING TEMPLE TO GOD

THE SMALL CHURCH. HOW TO BUILD AND FURNISH IT.

By F. R. Webber. J. H. Jansen, Cleveland. \$3.50

FORTY years ago in this country there were only four still small voices crying in the wilderness about the ugliness of Catholic Church architecture. They were Mr. Ralph Adams Cram; Mr. Charles D. Maginnis, President of the American Institute of Architects; Mr. John T. Comes, now dead, and the writer. All of us had to bear the blunt upbraidings and bitter scoffs of the higher hierarchs and the lower lowerarchs; but the battle went on bravely, because truth, with which beauty is convertible, must finally prevail.

As a result of keeping everlastingly at it, criticizing bad work in burning words that could only have been written on asbestos, pointing out the excellences of good design and craftsmanship, bringing competent architects to the notice of ecclesiastical authorities, and sponsoring publications of every kind in which the good was urged, results are now beginning to be apparent. Today instead of four small voices, there is a mighty chorus of great architects and art critics who have produced in the past quarter of a century, and are still producing, church work as fine as any ever seen in the old world, work that is an inspiration to others, and that nobly carries on the tradition that the Catholic Church is still the mother of the arts.

Among the many instances of a virile renaissance of the beautiful and a love for genuine ecclesiastical architecture, is Mr. Webber's delightful book. It can be unquestionably recommended to architects and pastors. After all there is only one rule, the alpha and omega, of all good church building: it is to get a good architect, tell him how much you can spend, and leave it all to him. And Mr. Webber's book proves conclusively what can be done by that simple, sensible, rational method. We have seen churches where the pastor was the architect; we wish we had not seen them. They would have been infinitely better, and infinitely cheaper, had the work been entrusted to an architect of the first rank and of recognized ability.

Mr. Webber's volume deals only with small churches in his valuable and attractive treatise. One regret, how-

ever, to be noted is that the item of cost is not indicated on the illustrations. It would be exceedingly helpful to those who read and study the book if they had some idea of the total expenditure for the structures illustrated.

REV. THOMAS F. COAKLEY

THIS PROUD HEART. By Pearl S. Buck. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50

THE first significant fact about this novel by Pearl Buck is that the scene is not laid in China. The publishers emphasize the geographical shift by announcing on the jacket that *This Proud Heart* is an American novel. It is not, however, a study of American life, as *The Good Earth* was of Chinese life. Rather it attempts the portrait of a very individual and unusual American woman.

Susan Gaylord, the daughter of a college professor of poetry, is possessed of real talent as a sculptress. Early in life she discovers that her sensitive, strong hands can fashion clay to a startling likeness of living people. She loves the work, and while working, is absorbed by it to the exclusion of every other thought and feeling. But she is likewise very much a woman, with a burning desire for the womanly possessions of husband and home and children. That these traits should lead to conflict is inevitable.

The story of this conflict is told by the authoress with the sure, natural style of a master-craftswoman. It has suspense and excitement and an interesting group of characters. Essentially a psychological study, it does not become morbid nor too analytical. Yet somehow the book fails of greatness. There is perhaps a shade too much of impression left with the reader that the book has been written according to formula. *This Proud Heart* will not disappoint Pearl Buck's admirers to any great extent. But neither will it supply much new fuel to the flame of their devotion.

INSTRUCTIONS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. THE APOSTLES CREED. By Rev. Nicholas O'Rafferty. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

THE last three Pontiffs have spoken with marked unanimity in behalf of parochial instruction in Christian Doctrine at the Sunday Masses of the Faithful. To this theme Pius X devoted his memorable Encyclical, *Scerto nimis* of April 15, 1905, stating plainly therein that the main cause of the religious indifference of our times and of the many and serious evils that proceed from it is to be found in the prevailing ignorance of Divine things. Our courses in religion during school days, even under the most favorable circumstances, are not sufficient grounding for the faithful in the Divine word, the only real substitute for its supplement is practically to be found in an organized, graded, continuous course of Christian Doctrine, in sermons during the ecclesiastical year.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent has been the foundation and guide as well as the inspiration of Father O'Rafferty's *Instructions*. While giving due credit to the other admirable qualities of the book, this would be enough to win favor for it in fulfilling its allotted purpose. Taking as main source and guide a proven work of Bressarvido, O.F.M., favorably known to Italian readers, he has adapted it (to what extent the reviewer is unable to say) to his American public. The present volume, the first in a projected complete course of catechetics, deals with the Apostles Creed. There are a varying number of instructions on each article and the extent of each, despite the author's misgivings, appear of a judicious length. They are all marked by solidity of doctrine, order of treatment, and clearness and charm of style that will please the clerical user or for that matter the catechist and teacher who will find them suitable for his purpose. The present Holy Father's zeal for catechetical instruction of the laity was bound to find pleasure in the present work, as Cardinal Gasparri assured the author in a letter stating the Pope's pleasure in its dedication to him.

ART

FOR the first time since the inauguration of this department, Constance Mary Rowe is holding an exhibition of her paintings in New York. They are to be seen at the Delphic Studios, where the exhibition will continue until February 28. Such paintings as are not sold will continue to be at the Delphic Studios, and anyone who wishes to see them may do so by asking at this gallery after the exhibition is closed. Miss Rowe, who is now Sister Mary of the Compassion, having entered the Convent of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary in Union City, New Jersey, was born in London thirty years ago. She commenced her study of art at the age of fifteen and continued in England and Italy, holding her first exhibition in London in 1935.

In autumn of that year she came to this country and held her first exhibition in January, 1936. It is interesting to compare the paintings shown in her present show with those which the public had an opportunity of seeing just two years ago. There is no question but what the artist has matured greatly in these two years, and those who felt the great promise shown in her work when she first came to America will feel rewarded by her achievement. Surely the life of a cloistered nun is one which will permit her to continue under what can be very nearly ideal conditions, and anyone seeking a religious painter in America of very fine quality has only to turn to the Dominican Convent in Union City.

The current exhibition consists of twelve paintings together with a number of water colors and drawings. The latter are essentially conceived as sketches and studies rather than as finished productions.

Out of the twelve paintings shown, it seems to me that seven display particular excellence. These are: a large canvas representing Saint Francis receiving the stigmata; a painting entitled *Mater Dei*, representing the Blessed Virgin with the Christ Child in an oriole; a painting of Saint Thomas Aquinas; a painting of the Archangel Gabriel; a small head of Saint Mary Magdalene; a representation of Our Lord as a worker; and one of Our Lady of Compassion.

In the short space available here it is impossible to attempt to explain why Miss Rowe's best work is so deeply satisfying. I can only single out two of her finer pictures and invite a reader to look at them himself. The little head of Saint Mary Magdalene, which seems on the surface an extremely simple arrangement of tans, blacks and blues, has that quality of sweetness and tolerance gained through sordid experience which is peculiarly appropriate to the Saint in question and which defies analysis. It is a living exposition for all to see of that peculiar human quality of sanctity which is not the sanctity of innocence, but the sanctity of experience which has traveled its own road to Damascus.

Our Lady of Compassion, to my mind the finest painting of the group, again succeeds in conveying a spiritual concept close to the center of Christianity by what seems a very simple arrangement of design and color but by what is in reality a simple thing arising out of great complexity. Once more, as in all of her fine work, the artist achieves her effect by an extraordinarily sensitive and intelligent use of color the harmony which arises from the predominating grays and blues of the composition, the light blue of the Virgin's robe sheltering the dark blue of the small figure which seeks Our Lady's compassion, all given accent by the yellow green crown of the Virgin and the olive gray cross in the background. To say this is to give merely a superficial analysis—to describe how the trick is done. The important thing is that the trick is done, but only superficially as is described above. Underlying this technical achievement is something far deeper and more important.

HENRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

OUR TOWN. Once in so often a play comes down the dramatic highway which is so beautiful that one forgives all the sins of the theatrical season. This year those sins have been numerous. *Father Malachy's Miracle* made us forgive many of them. *Shadow and Substance* made us condone most of the remainder. Now *Our Town* is with us to make us forget, almost to make us forgive, even such theatrical crimes as *Tortilla Flats* and *Journeyman*. The New York theatrical season has wiped clean its smeared slate, and is making a fresh Spring start from a hill-top in New Hampshire.

It is hard to write of *Our Town* with calmness and reserve. It is even harder to make its appeal clear to readers who have not seen the play. But in justice and gratitude to Thornton Wilder, the author, and Jed Harris, the producer, one must do one's best. *Our Town* is an epoch-maker. The beautiful simplicity with which it is presented and acted is worthy of its big conception. It holds one enthralled for two hours; it will remain in one's memory all one's life. And yet, it is merely the showing—without sets or scenery—of a small New Hampshire town, and of the lives and loves and deaths of its inhabitants.

By the time the play is over we know a score of these inhabitants. We feel that we know the remaining two thousand. We have watched that score working, making love, getting married, being buried. We have listened to the commentator, Frank Craven, who, with superb art, helps to make them live vividly before us. In the last act of the play we see them dead, in their cemetery—infinitely patient, infinitely serene, talking to one another, waiting for the Great Day. There is a strange, almost ethereal, atmosphere that pervades each scene up to the close which the audience is made to realize through the medium of the subdued, even monotonous, voices of the cast.

It is unnecessary to tell how this is done, or why it is so convincing. There are no backgrounds. There is nothing on the stage but a few chairs and tables. Yet one cannot recall any background in any other production which was more impressive. The town lies before one. The people live, act out their roles in life, and in the end are dead before one. It is not Catholicism we are seeing in that last act. It is not any special creed. But the living audience knows, as the serene dead do, that something wonderful is coming.

And before this one has watched love scenes that are as beautiful as anything on any modern stage; one has assisted at a quiet wedding that makes all the women in the audience cry; one has seen not only the dead on the hill-top before one, but all one's own dead, waiting, too, for the Great Day.

Depressing? Not a bit of it! Moving? Yes, poignantly so. Inspirational, too, and stimulating to thought. The work of the company could not be better. There is not a false note. The purest, clearest notes are struck by Martha Scott and John Craven as the young lovers, and by Evelyn Varden as John's mother. Arthur Allen's "bit" as Professor Willard should stand out in theatre history. But all the characters are familiar village types, dressed for their period but with no aids in the production save their art and the masterly direction of Jed Harris.

It is at this point that AMERICA's reviewer draws a deep breath, and calls for the thing we cannot have. If—oh if Mr. Jed Harris would make Mr. Frank Craven and the other characters speak up! If he would make it possible for the audience to hear Mr. Wilder's lines throughout the Henry Miller Theatre! As it is, some of the tears shed in orchestra seats and in the balconies may well be the tears of those who cannot hear lines that are so well worth hearing! ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. This is Americana in Technicolor and an excellently contrived photoplay. Based on the novel by Clements Ripley, it gives an epic quality to the struggle which decided whether California would produce golden sheaves or just gold. Once again color appears to greatest advantage in a story played against natural, panoramic backgrounds and adds a heightening rather than a distracting note to the drama. A discovery of gold in 1870 threatens to destroy the security of the farmers and open violence follows their attempts to dispossess the swarming prospectors. A mining engineer, who has a romantic interest in the agricultural side of the dispute, fails to persuade his fellow miners to disperse after the high courts have ruled against them and resorts to the desperate expedient of blowing up a protective dam and flooding the valley. The squatters' claims are washed out and with them the chief troublemakers. The brisk action is of the thriller variety and borrows a certain impressiveness from its visually striking surroundings and a hint of historicity. Claude Rains gives a fine personal account of the farmer's attitude and is bounded on all sides by a skilful cast including George Brent, Olivia DeHavilland, Margaret Lindsay and Barton MacLane. There is a breath of fresh entertainment for all the family. (*First National*)

OF HUMAN HEARTS. Another and more sombre evocation of our national past, this film avoids the spectacular values inherent even in the Civil War to tell a simple, human story, to trace a few minor lives and yet point a magnificent moral. Clarence Brown has drawn on that dramatic device so consistently ignored by the movies, reticence, understatement, suggestion to give the subject of gratitude the dignity it deserves. The plot involves the thankless career of a traveling preacher in the midwest of the middle Nineteenth Century. The humiliations which settle upon his family leave him unsuspecting and benign but drive his son from home. The young man becomes a doctor and wins recognition in the Civil War but severs all ties with his family. It is by command of President Lincoln himself that he returns to find his father dead and yet not the forgotten failure of his expectations. The probing honesty of the story will leave one with an impression of realism beyond ordinary melodramas to achieve and the effect will be sobering, though not necessarily depressing. Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi, James Stewart and John Carradine give sincerely convincing readings of their difficult roles. This is a production for all to see, for pleasure and profit. (*MGM*)

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES. Evidently Goldwyn is where you find the revue type of entertainment at its best. This is of lavish productions the most lavish, and yet there is comedy to suit the small mind as well as ballet and opera for the highbrow. As a matter of fact, it is the sometimes purposeful juxtaposition of the ridiculous and the pretentious which gives this film its galloping pace and its wealth of surprise. The story, of course, is just so many pegs on which to hang colorful, even Technicolorful production numbers, solo divertissements and mad sketches involving the Ritz Brothers. Andrea Leeds holds up the plot while Kenny Baker, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy carry on. (*United Artists*)

LOVE ON A BUDGET. The well-known Jones Family, of Hollywood and points east, solves the knotty problems which cluster about that first year of married life in this latest report. Father Jones branches out and becomes financial adviser in time to save his newly-wed neighbors from poverty. Jed Prouty and the familiar cast score another minor hit for general audiences. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

ANOTHER indication of the present American trend toward entanglement in internationalism appeared. Jeff Davis, American hobo leader, sailed for England to attend a convention of hoboes from peace-loving European nations. The convention seeks a new basis for universal peace. Old World hoboes have long maintained the "isolationist" policy of American hoboes threatened international peace. The prospect of American cooperation was accordingly welcomed. A constructive rather than a destructive peace was sought. "It must be a peace to keep peace, not a peace to end peace," one hobo careerist declared. Sentiment favoring bigger and better foreign entanglements was growing among American hoboes, it was said. . . . Discouraging incidents set off melancholy. . . . An Easterner, described as a mental case, bit a gorilla. . . . In Yugoslavia a player lost his shirt in a card game. First the man lost his money. His suit, shoes, socks, shirt followed the money. He will seek a fresh start in life, friends revealed. . . . In Maryland, an autoist received a police ticket for illegal parking. He threw it into the gutter. His bill from the judge was eleven dollars—one for the parking; ten for littering the streets with paper. . . . A near-sighted, hard-of-hearing, barber cut the hair from his customer's wig. The customer, before falling to sleep in the chair, asked the tonsorial maestro to trim the hair around his ears and on the back of his neck. When he awoke, his toupee was nearly bald. . . . A Midwest citizen dropped a nickel which rolled under someone else's auto. To make the half-dime accessible, the citizen pushed the car forward. He was fined five dollars for placing the auto in a forbidden zone. He recovered the nickel, however. . . .

Anti-social elements continued active. . . . A number of burglar alarms with loud sirens were stolen during the week. . . . A pickpocket's deft hand entered a fireman's pocket, came out with a wallet containing money and the fireman's badge. Next day the pickpocket saw another fireman. Explaining he had found the badge, he sold it to the fireman. A second pickpocket stole the badge from the second fireman, and later sold it to a third fireman who was an uncle of the first fireman. . . . "Calling all cars, find Socrates and Plato. . . . Calling all cars, find Socrates and Plato," were the words Boston policemen heard as they cruised around in their police cars. Socrates and Plato Parsos, eleven-year-old twins, were missing. . . . Debates on interesting points enlivened the week. . . . *Les Amis d'Escoffier*, a group of chefs and food-lovers, proclaimed the discovery of a new dish is "more necessary to humanity than the discovery of a new star." Stung by this attack on the stars, quick-thinking astronomers immediately shot back the retort: "We do not agree." . . . Research work in various fields spurred forward. . . . A generous donor's contribution permitted a laboratory to purchase more mice. Another benefactor donated cheese. . . . Foes of the hoof-and-mouth disease made revolutionary discoveries. Cows wearing galoshes do not contract the disease. Cows, careless about their galoshes, go down with the hoof-and-mouth. . . . Cattle wearing galoshes will become a common sight, h. and m. fighters said. . . .

Society Notes: Mr. and Mrs. Rush N. Sovietie announced the engagement of their favorite daughter, Miss Spanish De Mockracy, to Mr. American Pinke. Miss De Mockracy was born in Moscow, educated in the Stalin Finishing School. Before sending her to Spain, the Sovieties changed her name from Miss Sovietie to Miss Spanish De Mockracy. . . . Questions for Mr. Pinke: Why was the lady's name changed, Mr. Pinke? Was it to catch you, Mr. Pinke? Or, was it to catch you, Mr. Pinke?

THE PARADER